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HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE,

AUTHOR OF

"A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."

No. 2.

"Exhibition of Female Flagellants."

PART THE SECOND

OF THE

EXHIBITION

OF

FEMALE FLAGELLANTS

IN THE

Modest and Incontinent World.

Proving from Indubitable FACTS,
That a Number of LADIES take a SECRET PLEASURE,
In WHIPPING their own,
AND CHILDREN COMMITTED TO THEIR CARE;
AND THAT THEIR PASSION
FOR EXERCISING AND FEELING THE EXQUISITE
PLEASURE OF A BIRCH-ROD,
FROM OBJECTS OF THEIR CHOICE.
OF BOTH SEXES,
IS TO THE FULL AS PREDOMINANT,
AS THAT OF MANKIND.

Now Firſt Publiſhed from a LADY'S Manuſcript, and a Number of Letters ſent to the EDITOR of the Firſt Part of this original Work.

LONDON:
Printed for G. Peacock, No. 66 Drury Lane.

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PRELIMINARY ADDRESS.

WHEN the Firſt Part of this ſingular and original Work was publiſhed, there was very little expected from the ſale after the Subſcribers had their copies. The ſingularity of the Work was talked of, particularly among the Ladies, and it was owing to their curioſity, no doubt, the ſale became extenſive. Much has been ſaid pro *and* con *about the authenticity of the anecdotes; and ſome readers have been found ſilly enough to declare, becauſe the paſſion is not natural, and does not run in the common channel, there can be no truth in it. Now a man who abſolutely loves a fine woman, will not love her the leſs for exhibiting her bumfiddle to his enraptured ſight! Nay, ſhould ſhe requeſt a ſample from his hands, of what her mother or governeſs often gave her when guilty of a crime, where is the mighty error? 'Tis but a whipping, and if ſhe chooſes it from the fair hand of a woman, or from the oppoſite*

oppoſite ſex, I cannot ſee how the moral world can be injured by it. Her bumfiddle is as much her own as any other fiddle, and it would be hard indeed if ſhe was prevented from having her favourite muſician to play upon it whenever ſhe thought proper.

ANECDOTES and LECTURES

FOR THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

Female Flagellants

WITH

TALES,

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

To the AUTHORESS of the Female Flagellants.

MADAM,

I HAVE read with pleaſure your exhibition, &c.; but (between us) I think you ſhould have dwelt a little more on the lectures, as in your faſhionable ones. I was very much pleaſed, as well as ſeveral ladies of my acquaintance, with the deſcription of the dreſs of the characters, particularly with thoſe that wore large noſegays. A pretty woman with a very large bouquet on one ſide of her boſom, is to many men a moſt heavenly object. I ſend you a few real anecdotes, which, if you will take the trouble of embelliſhing,

belliſhing, might be added to a ſecond part of the exhibition, &c., or of the faſhionable lectures.

Yours,

C. D.

Miſs N., a young lady of my acquaintance, was, at a very early age, ſo fond of birch diſcipline, that ſhe would ſometimes take her Mamma's rod, and exerciſe it with pleaſure on her doll: ſhe could never account for that whimſical paſſion. Her mother dying when ſhe was about eighteen, ſhe went to live with an aunt, who had under her care two girls about twelve years old—diſtant relations of hers. As they were very wild and indolent, Miſs N. adviſed her to whip them with a birch-rod; but ſhe, being rather infirm, requeſted ſhe would eaſe her of the trouble, and take the care of them on herſelf. This was what Miſs N. wanted; ſhe ſoon gave a looſe to her favourite paſſion; and no felicity on earth, ſhe thought, could equal the pleaſure ſhe felt when whipping the bums of her young pupils. One day ſhe went to viſit a friend of hers, that lived about five miles from town, and had been married lately to a gentleman of fortune, a widower with one daughter. She found her

her buſy making a rod, and aſked her if ſhe had any bold children in the houſe? Yes, my dear, I was juſt going to whip my ſtep-daughter for telling a lye—it is a thing I never forgive: and, if you will excuſe me, I will go and give it to her, for I hate, of all things, to defer correcting children when they deſerve it; and without waiting for an anſwer, ſhe opened the door of a back parlour, where a beautiful girl, about thirteen, was ſobbing and crying. After turning up her petticoats as high as the ſmall of her back, ſhe whipped her with a great deal of ſeverity. Miſs N. took notice how ſhe ſqueezed her between her thighs all the time, as ſhe whipped her ſtanding, leaning only againſt a bureau. After ſhe had done ſhe took Miſs N. to the garden, and picked for her a beautiful noſegay, but ſo monſtrouſly large that ſhe was almoſt aſhamed to wear it. However, as her friend wore one of an equal ſize, ſhe pinned it to her boſom. I ſee, my dear, ſaid ſhe, you are not acquainted with the ſecret influence of flowers; know, my dear girl, that their ſweet perfume has an uncommon effect on many men and women; but to have that effect on men, they muſt adorn a lovely boſom like yours. After ſpending a very agreeable evening,

Miſs

Miſs N., being told the coach was at the door, took her leave. She was not gone a mile, when a ſervant in livery ſtopped the coachman, to know if his maſter, Sir G. B., a gentleman as great a votary to Flora as to birch diſcipline, could have a place in the coach—one of the wheels of his own having broke on the road. Miſs N. was too civil to refuſe; and the gentleman ſoon made his appearance, and apologized for his intruſion. He was ſtruck with her beauty, for ſhe was really a moſt elegant woman, and paid her many compliments; ſaid ſhe looked moſt charmingly, praiſed very much her noſegay, and, in his opinion, nothing could be more becoming. At their parting, he requeſted permiſſion to viſit her, which ſhe granted. A few days after, a ſervant came with a large blooming noſegay, as big as a broom, and a note to know if ſhe would be at home in the evening, and to requeſt her acceptance of the bouquet. She anſwered that ſhe and her aunt would be glad of his company at tea. Whilſt ſhe was dreſſing, one of the girls came to complain that her ſiſter had ſcratched and beaten her terribly. As ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed, ſhe came down with Sir G—'s bouquet in her boſom; and, after making out of a new broom a moſt excellent rod,

ſhe

ſhe took the bold huſſey to her room, pinned her ſmock to her ſhoulders, and holding her faſt between her thighs, her leg over hers, ſhe began to whip her as hard as ſhe could, leaning her back againſt the edge of a table, as ſhe had ſeen her friend do. I have been told that the fair votaries of birch diſcipline prefer that attitude to any other.—Will you beat your ſiſter again, ſaid ſhe; will you, will you, will you, will you, will you, will you, you little ſpiteful ſlut?—Indeed, indeed, couſin, I never will do it again; pray do forgive me.—I won't forgive you till I humble your proud ſpirit, you little vixen; I'll whip, whip, whip, whip, whip, whip, whip this bold a—e to my liking. What made you ſcratch your ſiſter?—tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell me this minute.—It was ſhe that began firſt; oh dear, you hurt me ſhockingly!—I am glad to hear it—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! I will make a good girl of you, and make you feel this excellent rod! what a fine ſpring it has! new birch, I ſee, is the only thing for whipping bold girls with; and this imprudent bum ſhall get, get, get, get, get, get, get enough of it, I promiſe you! I am reſolved to whip your a—e ſo well, that you ſhall remember it a long time. Will you be more diligent,

and

and not be always romping inſtead of minding your work—will you, will you, will you, will you, will you, will you, will you, you little minx? will you ever ſcratch your ſiſter again—tell me, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell me?—Oh, no! indeed I never will—forgive me this once; oh, pray do!—Will you be very good for the future? Indeed I will.—Are you ſure of it?—are you, are you, are you? If ever you beat your ſiſter again, I will whip you till the blood comes. Go along, you bold ſlut!

Miſs N. declared to a friend, that between the fragrance of the flowers, and the pleaſure of exerciſing the rod, ſhe felt inexpreſſible delight! No wonder, for the tears of concupiſcence, as ſhe confeſſed, fell in abundance on the ſpot where ſhe whipped her, and ſaid ſhe never had ſo much pleaſure in whipping before, which ſhe attributed to the ſweet odour of her bouquet. She had ſcarce done, when Sir G. was announced, and was quite enraptured to ſee in her boſom the bouquet he ſent her, eſpecially as ſhe wore it ſo high on the left ſide of her boſom, that her pretty face was half ſhaded with it. After tea, Miſs A., a ſmart young lady about ſeventeen, an acquaintance

of

of Miſs N., called to ſee her—ſhe was uncommonly well dreſſed, and happened to have alſo in her boſom a very large nolegay of moſs roſes, carnations, jeſſamy, &c. Sir G. was quite delighted, and gazed on them both with rapture. After ſome trifling converſation, they all agreed to go to the Opera. When it was over, he took the young ladies home in his coach—left Miſs A. at her own houſe; and, as ſoon as he was alone with Miſs N., declared his paſſion. She promiſed to give him an anſwer in three days. At the appointed time he waited on her, and was ſhewn into a parlour, where, while he was waiting for his charmer, he perceived behind the glaſs a birch-rod. As one of the young girls happened to be in the parlour at work, he ſoon got from her all the information he deſired concerning it, which delighted him very much, and determined him to make Miſs N. his wife as ſoon as poſſible. She ſoon made her appearance in an elegant deſhabille; he earneſtly entreated her to name the happy day, which ſhe did after ſome heſitation; and I had the pleaſure of hearing that their nuptials ſoon took place. She took the young girls home with her, as Sir G. ſaid he would provide for them. One day, as ſhe was going to a ball, elegantly dreſſed in a white luteſtring,

luteſtring, beautifully trimmed with crape and flowers; on the ſide of her head a black gauze hat, looped up with a brilliant loop and button, and ornamented with nine large white oſtrich feathers; her hair dreſſed very high and wide to the front, the chignon very large and low, and highly perfumed; her ſnowy boſom quite bare, except what was covered by an immenſe ſide bouquet, exhaling a moſt exquiſite perfume; her lovely hands adorned with elegant bracelets, &c., one of the girls committed in her preſence a very heavy offence; and, wiſhing to correct her before ſhe went, ſhe called her huſband to help her, as the girl was very ungovernable, and ſhe was unwilling to tumble her dreſs. He, quite delighted, immediately complied with her requeſt, made her ſit on his lap, taking care *de tui mettre en levrette*, while ſhe was employed in turning up the petticoats of the young culprit, who was too much frightened to ſee anything; then holding the girl's hands with one of his, while the other preſſed the waiſt of his dear flagellator, who, almoſt loſt in bliſs, was whipping the little minx with the utmoſt ſeverity. She was ſo well pleaſed that day, that ſhe generally found the aſſiſtance of her huſband neceſſary when any of them deſerved chaſtiſement.

I have

I have been told that there are ſome young ladies fond of adminiſtering the birch diſcipline, that will contrive to put in a certain place a curious inſtrument, which very much heightens their felicity, eſpecially when the child kicks and plunges.

After taking a pleaſant ride one evening laſt ſummer, I alighted at the houſe of a particular female friend who had been about ſix months married. Her huſband had three children by a former wife, two of which I found her reprimanding with great heat when I entered, and who kept up a continued roar the whole time, though ſhe had not taken the rod in hand, nor did ſhe then intend it, as ſhe did not chooſe to ſpoil her dreſs, which was beautiful in the higheſt degree. She intended to appear at the Opera that evening, and ſhe took uncommon pains to captivate the faſhionable youth, by wearing a fancy dreſs enough to raiſe an inextinguiſhable flame in the breaſt of an Anchoret.

When I found ſhe had no notion of taking the rod in hand, I enforced the utility of it very ſtrongly, which ſhe agreed to, with a requeſt that I might give her

her blubbering ſon a good whipping, while ſhe tickled ſulky Miſs's poſteriors. She brought from her cloſet a rod rather of the largeſt ſize, which we divided between us, and ſhe having got roaring Miſs under her arm, with her poſteriors well bared to the rod, and I Maſter's trowſers down, which I had ſome difficulty in doing, he ſtruggled and plunged ſo much on my lap, we did not ceaſe whipping till we left their bums as nicely marked with the rod as any enraged ſchool-miſtreſs could do it. What with the harmony of this angelic woman's voice while lecturing her daughter—her dreſs from head to foot—the brilliancy of her eyes, which ſhot their fire into my very ſoul and ſet it in a blaze—her fair ſkin and plump ſwelling boſom, with two heavenly dimples in her cheeks—all theſe powerful provocatives, with that of exerciſing the rod on the boy, almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes, and ſcarce knowing what I did, as ſoon as the children went down ſtairs, I threw myſelf at the feet of the adorable flagellator and kiſſed them with rapture; then, ſtarting up, embraced her, and begged the felicity from her magic hand.

Pleaſure ſparkled in her eyes as ſoon as I had made the

the requeſt, and having placed me acroſs two chairs, and expoſed my ſwelling bum, ſhe exerciſed the rod with the moſt bewitching ſeverity imaginable, uſing with a little variation much the ſame lecture ſhe delivered to her daughter, which was pretty nearly in the following words:—

Will you for ever provoke me to take the rod in hand, you bold vixen! I thought the whipping I gave you yeſterday morning would make you remember what I can do with a rod!—Indeed, my dear lovely Mamma, it was my brother's fault, he does nothing but quarrel with me from morning till night! I don't believe but you are as quarrelſome as he, and I am determined to whip, whip, whip, whip this ſtubborn ſpirit out of you! yes, yes, yes, yes, you naughty girl! O my ſweet Mamma, pray forgive me, pray do! No, no, no, no, I will not, upon my honour! Your Papa told me a few days after I married him, he did not believe your own Mamma ever gave you a taſte of a rod, but I was reſolved the firſt opportunity, which happened the next day, to make you dance to ſome tune, under as good a rod as this I exerciſe now! Yes, yes, yes, yes, you bold, impudent girl! And

you

you ſhall find I'll take it in hand with as good a will while I have ſtrength to conquer your turbulent ſpirit! O dear! O Mamma! O dear, dear Mamma! O my lovely, ſweet, charming Mamma, pray, pray, pray forgive me! don't whip me any more! I'll kiſs the rod indeed, and promiſe you, upon my honour, never to give you this trouble again! Are, are, are, are you ſure of it? Do, my lovely, dear, ſweet Mamma, try me this once, and you'll find me a moſt excellent girl, you will, upon my honour!—Well, I'll try you: here, kiſs the rod, and thank me on your knees for making ſuch exeellent uſe of it. I do indeed, my adorable Mamma!

Such was the ſcene between us; but what pen can deſcribe what I felt when at every turn of my head I beheld an angel in the perſon of my flagellator, whoſe every ſtroke, till nature ebbed away, tranſported me to regions of boundleſs felicity?

I know a young married couple that have always ſeparate beds in the ſummer. Every morning the lady appears at breakfaſt in an ellegant deſhabille, and a moſt enormous bouquet on the left ſide of her boſom

boſom juſt freſh picked. When breakfaſt is over ſhe retires to her bed-chamber, where her huſband, dreſſed in his uniform (for he is an officer), ſoon follows her, and enjoys her *en levrette*, as they prefer that attitude as moſt voluptuous and favourable for conception. She ſays that her pleaſure is more exalted from the ſweet perfume of the bouquet, which ſhe is conſtantly ſmelling to during the amorous engagement. She is particularly fond of the ſmell of wall-flowers. No married people I think live more happy, or have more beautiful children. Being one day on a viſit at their country-houſe, her huſband brought her from the garden a noſegay made of bunches of lilies of the valley, hyacinths, jonquils, minionet, auriculas, double wall-flowers, and violets, intermixed with ſprigs of narrow myrtle in bloſſom, orange leaves, and ſweet briar. All the ſweet flowers the ſpring affords were united in the moſt beautiful bouquet I ever ſaw for the time of the year. She immediately pinned it to her boſom on the left ſide, and aſked her huſband how he liked her with it. He anſwered with a kiſs; and, indeed, ſhe looked ſo tempting and ſo effeminate, that I longed to give her another. She is not above nineteen; tall, rather ſlender, exceſſively fair a boſom—

could

could I ſnatch the pencil of Correggio to give you an idea of it!—her hands and arms were ſymmetry itſelf. In the ſouth of Europe nothing is more common than for Ladies to wear large noſegays, which occaſions many Ladies in this country, I am poſitively ſure, to do the ſame; indeed, when they go to public places they ſhould wear them for many reaſons. When I was in France I ſeldom ſaw a Lady well dreſſed without one; the Counteſs Du Barry, of whipping memory, was never without one as large as a broom, the late King of France being exceſſively fond of them. I have been told that the preſent Queen of France, being ſubject to the head-ache, forbade them at Court for ſome time; but now this faſhion is followed more than ever, as the Queen is grown fond of them. Though flowers have a moſt luxurious, nay falacious odour in the day time, yet one ſhould be very careful not to ſleep in a room with much of them, for the exhalation from them is very dangerous, eſpecially in ſmall bed-rooms. A young Lady that generally received the embraces of her huſband in bed in a ſlight deſhabille he was very fond of. and uſed to wear with it (as the lady above mentioned) a monſtrous noſegay, one night forgetting to take it from her

boſom

boſom after the amorous conflict, and being rather tired, fell aſleep with it; in the morning ſhe found herſelf very ill, and continued ſo for many days.

In my opinion a play on this ſubject would be vaſtly entertaining, ſuppoſing the principal characters to be Lady Birch, Lady Tickletail, Mrs. Flogwell, Mrs. Ticklebum, Lady Bouquet, Signora Birchini, Miſs Bloſſom, the three laſt fond of whipping with enormous bouquets in their boſoms, Mademoiſelle Dubouleau, the Governeſs, and Lord Frolickſome, Lord Friſky, Sir H. Prancer, Lord Jeſſamy, a few boys and girls, as Miſs Giddy, Miſs Tomboy, &c

TALES

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

It is neceſſary to be obſerved, that the character by whom thoſe Tales are related, is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the peculiar intuitive advantages of an inviſible ſpy.

TALE

TALE THE FIRST.

ONE evening as I ſat in penſive melancholy in my chamber, entered a ſweet little tit, attired in all the charms of tempting deſhabille, heightened by a ſwelling boſom, adorned by a well ſelected noſegay, and a little after her, a young fellow of the ſprightly age of between twenty and thirty years.

The doors being carefully ſhut, the curtains drawn, and every crevice ſecured with the utmoſt caution, the girl addreſſed him in an authoritative tone, to this effect—Well, abandoned wretch, whence came you? Did not I charge you not to go out without my leave? My dear mother, returned the young man, in the moſt ſubmiſſive tone, indicating all the tremour of a ſchool-boy, I am come from catechiſm. From catechiſm impudence at this hour, ſaid the miſtreſs, you tell me a lye, accompanying the reproof with two or three blows on the ear, and as many kicks on the breech. Let me ſee, let me ſee, ſays ſhe, what you have learned. How many mortal ſins are there? There are,—there are,—my dear mother——I cannot exactly

exactly remember how many there are.—What, ſirrah, do you not remember your mortal ſins? O then I'll learn you to remember them. Come, Sir, ſtrip, ſtrip this inſtant. My dear mother, cried the culprit, pray forgive me; I will learn them. No, no, replied the other, ſnatching a bundle of rods, you ſhall be whipt; ſtrip, ſtrip I ſay. With that ſhe unbuttoned his ſmall clothes, pulled them down to the knees, and tucked his ſhirt up above his ſhoulders. When he had received about half-a-dozen ſtripes, he pretended to ward them off with his hands, but ſhe tied them before him, and plied the birch till the blood flowed moſt copiouſly. What now could mortal imagine would be the conſequence? Why the ſcene was immediately changed: the ſcholar became maſter and the miſtreſs became ſcholar, and underwent a ſevere flogging in her turn; and there is not a doubt but the parties received a mutual and moſt exquiſite pleaſure.

Theſe means, ſaid I to myſelf, though ſingular and comical, have a powerful effect in ſtimulating the generative faculties. Singular and comical, replied a genius at my elbow; nothing is more natural or

faſhionable

faſhionable at preſent. It is a ceremony uſed in all the temples conſecrated to Venus, which are always provided with a good ſtock of birch for the accommodation of their votaries, as an excellent means for putting the blood in motion. Ladies of taſte always take care to have a bundle of well-ſeaſoned rods under their bolſters for their own uſe or that of their paramour. It is an infallible noſtrum to invigorate nature, enliven cold conſtitutions, and we are told by the faculty that it is a ſovereign remedy in caſes of ſterility. A wag then remarked that the hand of a luſty knave of a Friar could never afford ſuch exquiſite ſenſation as that of a pretty woman, and that therefore the devotees to the ſex would become eaſily habituated to the chaſtiſement of the young and mettleſome ſiſterhood: ſo much for this ceremony and its extraordinary effects.

TALE THE SECOND.

An unfortunate fair one being enjoined by a reverend father to do penance for the operation of an enormous offence, by receiving fifty ſtripes with the rod,

rod, the neceſſary preparations were made for the ſolemn occaſion.

The poor delinquent confeſſing her crime, with bluſhes, tucked up, and ſubmitted her poſteriors to the mercy of the old caſtigator, who, provided with an excellent implement of green birch, laid on without ceremony. Theſe churchmen, ſaid a female auditor, are ſurely without pity. That's very true, replied one of the other ſex, hardneſs of heart is their juſt reproach, but under ſuch circumſtances a man of the world would have been as little ſuſceptible of pity. The culprit was beautiful, had a ſkin of the lily whiteneſs, and had ſcarcely reached to enchanting fifteen. Such rapturous charms are too affecting to the view to admit of diſpenſing with an opportunity for admiring them, and as that could not be afforded with decency, but on the occaſion of inflicting puniſhment, the good father ſeemed in no hurry to put an end to it, though the poſteriors and thighs ſtreamed with blood.

The poor girl bore the correction with all poſſible reſignation, and the good father exerciſed the diſcipline

pline with all the alacrity as could become ſo wholeſome an inſtitution.

TALE THE THIRD.

In early life I was apprentice to a ſchool-miſtreſs, a moſt unmerciful diſpenſer of the birch, who upon a certain occaſion placed me in a cloſet, near the ſchool-room, where the larger girls were commonly corrected, ſo that I had an opportunity of ſeeing almoſt every day, to my moſt exquiſite pleaſure, perhaps a dozen of the moſt beautiful pictures.

My miſtreſs had, beſides two under tutoreſſes, a niece who carried as much authority as herſelf in the ſchool, and, after her example, ſpared the poſteriors of the poor girls as little; indeed, flagellation ſeemed to be her darling paſſion. She was about twenty, tall, well proportioned, always attired in becoming taſte, and ſeldom without a large noſegay on one ſide of her boſom, for ſhe encouraged the faſhion of wearing enormous noſegays by her own example. The ſmalleſt faults were puniſhed with whipping—thirty well

well applied ſtripes were the ordinary correction. Sometimes this lady, who always corrected the larger girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, ſtretched the puniſhment to fifty ſtripes, with rods of green birch.

The purveyor who ſupplied this ſchool had particular orders to ſend no brooms but ſuch as were compoſed of birch newly cut; for this experienced matron well knew that the dry birch had a tendency to diſcolour the ſkin too much. Some ſeemed to receive the chaſtiſement without concern, and affected levity as much after as before the diſcipline, whilſt others expreſſed their feelings by the bittereſt cries, and endeavoured to ward off the ſtripes with their hands; but all in vain, for inſtead of obtaining any degree of favour, their hands were tied before them, and they received a double number of ſtripes.

Notwithſtanding this ſeverity of correction, the ſchool was very full, as the greateſt part of female parents approve of ſuch rigorous diſcipline; and, indeed, it muſt be acknowledged, that puniſhment was never inflicted without deſert. A number of very beautiful

beautiful ladies came out of this ſchool as accompliſhed and deeply ſkilled in Birch diſcipline as any from out of a convent.

A-pro-pos, replied a lady, who had been educated in a convent, don't you imagine that the tenants of the cloiſtered domains are of ſo delicate a texture, they well know the virtues of the birch, and ſo frequent is the practice of flagellation there, that it will be difficult to equal them in the exerciſe of the art.

It was at length confeſſed that this method of caſtigation was of infinite ſervice to young girls, who thought themſelves women before their time, and, after having ſpent five or ſix years at theſe ſchools, came out of them as uninformed as they went in. One day the niece came into the cloſet set apart for correction, and began to make a bundle of rods from a new broom which the ſervant maid brought her. She then called in a young girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who immediately on the ſight of the rods began to cry, and aſk pardon. A truce to your tears, cried the other; you know what I promiſed you this morning, you muſt be whipt; upon which

ſhe

ſhe pulled up her petticoats and ſhifts as high as ſhe could, put her head under her left arm, and holding her faſt in this poſition, the buttocks and thighs being well expoſed, ſhe began to apply the birch. I'll do ſo no more, cried the poor delinquent. You ſhall have it, ſays the other, proceeding in the diſcipline, her eyes indicating the pleaſure it afforded, till having glutted her humour by exciting a profuſion of blood, ſhe threw down the rod, and reclined on a chair almoſt breathleſs. This paſſion, it was added, prevails with the women in general, from the ſchool-miſtreſs to the miſtreſſes of the different arts and profeſſions, of which the narrator declares himſelf to be perfectly aſſured.

For the SECOND PART of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

Miſs C——h, when ſhe bore that name, took under her care the two daughters of an officer in the Guards, whoſe wife had been her intimate companion, and was lately deceaſed. They were both remarkably beautiful, fair and plump of their age—one thirteen, the other

other turned of fourteen. She dreſſed them always in the higheſt elegance and wantonneſs; had them taught every accompliſhment under her own eye, and always corrected every fault with the birch, and with her own hand. She had a confidant in the late L——y H——, who was remarkably fond of aſſiſting and ſeeing ſuch exhibition. She uſed to ſend for her on theſe occaſions; and her woman, from whom I had theſe particulars, aſſured me they would be ſometimes an hour before they would let their coats down. They uſed to place their two chairs in a line, and one lay up one girl, and the other the other, with their poſteriors over againſt each other, ſo as to have a view of both at once, then they uſed to whip them a little, and then compare their ivory globes, and then whip them again alternately, but never ſeverely. And the ſame perſon told me the girls grew ſo fond of it, that they have often begged her in the moſt earneſt manner to take them up at other times, which ſhe ſays ſhe frequently did, and uſed to take it from them again herſelf.

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

A certain E—— has two beautiful young daughters, Lady M—— and Lady H——, the former twelve, the latter eleven years of age. There was a handſome little boy, of nine years of age, who attended Lady M—— as her foot boy. With him the young Ladies uſed to play many innocent tricks, and to paſs many jokes upon him. One very extraordinary joke we muſt not omit recording. They had perſuaded him to believe that he muſt implicitly comply with, and perform, whatever they ſhould be pleaſed to order and direct, otherwiſe he would loſe his place, by being immediately turned off with ſhame and diſgrace; upon which he declared that he ſhould at all times be ready, as was his duty, to obey and fulfil their Ladyſhips' orders and commands as far as lay in his power. Upon this declaration the young Ladies diſmiſſed Tom (that being his name) for the preſent, with orders to knock ſoftly at their bed-chamber door next morning at eight o'clock. Tom was punctual in obeying this command, and obtained immediate admittance.

The

The young Ladies received him in their ſhifts, and made him follow them into their cloſet. As ſoon as they entered they ſhut the door, upon which Lady M—— got up upon a chair, and ſtood upon it with her poſteriors bared, having pulled up her ſmock for that purpoſe, while Lady H—— ordered the little ſubmiſſive lackey to kneel down at the foot of the chair, and to kiſs Lady M——'s *noble* parts repeatedly, and to be very careful not to let the *proper* place miſs his fervent embraces. When Lady M—— had *indulged* him as long as ſhe thought proper, ſhe deſcended, and was ſucceeded by her ſiſter, Lady H——, who mounted the chair, and uncovered her bumfiddle, in the ſame manner that Lady M—— had done, upon which the particoloured urchin was commanded to kneel a ſecond time, and to impreſs his embraces in the ſame *luxuriant* manner he had done to Lady M——; which he did with a degree of unaccountable and extraordinary ecſtacy on the *beautiful* poſteriors of both the divine and angelic ſiſters. When theſe moſt charming young Ladies had amuſed themſelves as long as they thought proper with their little ſlave, whom they had made moſt happy by their confidence they diſmiſſed

miſſed him with an injunction to return next morning at the ſame hour, and not to impart to any one, on no account whatever, the uſe or purpoſe to which they had applied him; all which commands he promiſed moſt faithfully to adhere to. This kind of commerce Lady M—— and Lady H—— carried on with their *favourite* Tom for about three weeks, when a quarrel happened between Dick (Lady H——'s foot-boy) and Tom; in the courſe of which Dick told him, that although their Ladies admitted him (Tom) into their bed-chamber, he was determined not to be ill-uſed by him. Lady H——'s maid, who happened to be present at this diſpute, was determined to avail herſelf of the truth of Dick's aſſertion. She accordingly watched Tom, and ſaw him admitted next morning into the young Ladies' bed-chamber, upon which ſhe applied her eye to the key-hole, but could only ſee them retire to the adjoining cloſet, through which ſhe pierced a ſmall opening, and beheld, with much ſurpriſe, Lady M—— and Lady H——, with Tom proſtrate, as above related. She immediately informed the young Ladies' Governeſs of what ſhe had ſeen, who went to their apartment, and diſcovered them exhibiting in the *luſcious* ſcene, agreeable to

their

their peculiar and ſingular *penchant*. The Governeſs acquainted the Counteſs, their ſtep-mother, of the whole affair, who was all aſtoniſhment at the relation, and immediately commanded the young culprits into her preſence, whom ſhe rated very ſeverely for a conſiderable time. Her Ladyſhip then ordered her maid, who was in waiting, to go to the ſhrubbery and bring her a very good rod, for the purpoſe of whipping very heartily the backſides of thoſe audacious, impudent young huſſies. The rod being brought, the young Ladies immediately fell on their knees, imploring their dear Mamma's forgiveneſs, and promiſing never to offend again; but all to no purpoſe, for her Ladyſhip, after ſeating herſelf upon the ſopha, ordered the Governeſs to bring Lady M—— to her, whom ſhe laid acroſs her knee: having expoſed her *lovely* backſide to the rod, ſhe whipped her ſoundly for full five minutes, and afterwards exerted herſelf on the *beautiful* poſteriors of her charming ſiſter.

Still theſe young wantons were not terrified from ſuch falacious amuſement—for about a fortnight after, they feigned a ſlight ſickness, for the pleaſure of lying in bed, and were caught by their mother making uſe

of

of an indiſcreet toy. The Lady was enraged to frenzy on beholding ſuch a ſcene; but ſtifled her rage till ſhe returned with an excellent rod. The writer of theſe anecdotes happened to be on a viſit, and could not conceive what the Lady was at when ſhe ſaw her leave the room with the birchen ſceptre, till, hearing the cries of her daughters, ſhe ran upſtairs, and diſcovered the exaſperated Lady holding the culprits down in bed, and whipping them with the utmoſt ſeverity.

What ſurpriſed the writer very much was to ſee two full grown girls kicking and plunging under the heavy ſtrokes of the rod, and ſuffering their delightful poſteriors to be left in the condition of a ſchoolboy after a whipping from a ſavage ſchoolmaſter, when their united ſtrength could vanquiſh their mother. But it ſeems whenever they made reſiſtance, the Lady tied them alternately with a belt down on a chair, and whipped them without mercy.

For the SECOND PART of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

The Editor of the Female Flagellants, in the Note, page 31, ſays that ſhe is informed that Birch diſcipline is never uſed in any boarding-ſchool, *meaning for young Ladies.* This information is wrong.

There are *ſome* ſchools, *in and near Town*, where the rod is never applied; but in many the pupils are obliged to undergo the Birchen correction whenever they are detected in a fault, ſometimes even for a very trivial one. In the girls' ſchools in the great Towns, at a diſtance from London—ſuch as Litchfield, Exeter, Saliſbury, and Worceſter, whither children are often ſent from hence, the uſe of the rod is as common as at the Public ſchools for boys. The miſtreſſes and tutoreſſes whip their ſcholars, big girls as well as little ones, without any ſcruple. They are either horſed on the back of a big girl or obliged to lie down on a ſtool—juſt as the Lady who flogs finds convenient. In moſt ſchools ſome girl has her learning and board gratis, to perform the ſervices of ſweeping the ſchool, making

making the rods, and holding up the young Ladies to be whipt. At moſt of theſe ſchools a Writing-maſter attends to teach the ſcholars, and I have known ſeveral times, when a Miſtreſs has detected a naughty Miſs in a very flagrant offence, ſuch as perſiſting in a fib, ſtealing from her fellow ſcholars, *telling tales out of ſchool*, &c., ſhe has thought herſelf not equal to the taſk of giving the proper puniſhment, and has employed the Writing-maſter to inflict it upon girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age. When this happens poor Miſs's backſide ſmarts ſeverely, as Maſter lays on the rod with a heavy hand, ſo as to mark the culprit with the ſigns of the laſh, from the top of her buttocks down to her garters, while the Miſtreſs and the Tutoreſſes, and perhaps a Birch loving Lady beſides, ſit by, and enjoy the twiſtings and poſtures of the beautiful little ſufferer. Some parents don't mind theſe things, and others never hear of it, as the girls are afraid to tell, no crime being ſo ſeverely corrected as telling tales out of ſchool. I have obſerved that young Ladies who are orphans, or whoſe friends live at a great diſtance, as in the Weſt Indies, or Ireland, are frequently whipped for faults which others eſcape correction

correction for; and as no letter goes from ſchool without being examined, if any attempt is made to complain by writing, Miſs muſt expect to be horſed and flogged without mercy, until her backſide is almoſt flayed, and this would be done before all the ſcholars as an example of what they are to expect if they ſay anything of their ſufferings. Ladies don't like to own theſe facts, but I know them to be true, and many have owned to me, after they have left ſchool, that all this is true. I have ſeen ſwinging Birch rods at many girls' ſchools. Some Miſtreſſes and Maſters make the poor little things kiſs the rod every time they are whipped.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

VAPULATOR.

March 22,
1785.

To

To the EDITOR of the SECOND PART of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

MADAM,

Amidſt a number of curious anecdotes, permit me to introduce one as ſingular, and, perhaps, of more benefit to the world at large.

Chatting with a ſelect party of my female friends laſt night, and running over many ſtriking particulars in the Faſhionable Lectures, and the first part of your work, a lady, after hearing many obſervations on the ſubject of whipping, introduced an anecdote that may be of infinite ſervice to many whoſe lives are made miſerable through the want of children.

A few years ago ſhe formed an intimacy with a young couple of good fortune, who had been married ſome years without being bleſt with a child. The woman was beautiful, and wore a prolific appearance, and the huſband ſeemed as able a General as ever acquired laurels in the fields of Venus.

What

What with the ſneers of the ill-natured, and the jeſts of friends, the gentleman had but a ſore time of it. And this would have continued for ſome years longer, in all probability, had not a lady made her appearance in the family, who had juſt arrived from a convent in France.

This lady was ſiſter to the ſterile lady, and loved her as her life; nor was ſhe a whit leſs fond of the huſband, who was her relation, and had been her play-mate when a boy.

Hearing him ſeverely roaſted one evening about his wife's ſterility, ſhe, on her return home, told them both if they would ſuffer her to adminiſter a remedy ſhe would forfeit her life if ſhe did not ſucceed. This remedy a well informed lady in France communicated to her, with an aſſurance of its certain ſucceſs.

When ſhe mentioned the particulars they laughed immoderately, but they were ſo anxious to poſſeſs a child, with her earneſt entreaties, they complied. The lady of the houſe inſtantly ſent for a new broom, out of which ſhe deſired the maid to make a large rod for

for her dog, and bring it to her. While this was ſettling the ſiſter dreſſed herſelf as ſplendid as poſſible in the French taſte, and, having got the rod from the ſervant, and tied thoſe twigs together ſhe liked beſt, ſhe entered her ſiſter's chamber in a great paſſion, where ſhe and her huſband were enfolded in each other's arms. When the lady found everything right between the couple, ſhe inſtantly pulled the gentleman's breeches down to his heels, and having tucked in his ſhirt above his waiſt, ſhe plied the rod gently, upbraiding him the whole time (as was agreed between them) about his inactivity in not getting his wife with child—the language between them running in ſomething like the following ſtrain :—

The LECTURE.

Will you for ever, you great lazy raſcal, expoſe your wife and yourſelf to the deriſion of every one? will you, will you, will, will, will, will you, you impotent young ſcoundrel? "Oh, no, my dear, lovely ſiſter, I will not indeed! I will not, upon my honour!" I'll make you, you ſhall not! I am determined to put life

life into you now, and not call a bluſh eternally into my ſiſter's face and your own! yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you ſhall learn activity from this excellent rod before I have done, you may reſt aſſured! "Oh, my dear ſiſter! Oh, my dear, dear, beautiful ſiſter, for God's ſake, don't whip ſo hard! I promiſe you you ſhall not have this fault to complain of any more! Charlotte, my dear, angelic Charlotte, lay aſide the rod!" I will not lay aſide the rod, I will not, upon my honour, till I make you as active and ſprightly as any huſband exiſting! Keep him down, my dear ſiſter; don't let him get away till I am satisfied he will do as I would have him!—I knew another lazy gentleman in France, whoſe wife could get no good of him till a good rod was as well applied to his backſide as this I exerciſe now! "Charlotte! Charlotte! my deareſt, lovely Charlotte! my adorable Charlotte, let me go!"—You ſhall not go; hold him, ſiſter, hold him tight! He ſhall find it not an eaſy matter to get from under the rod when I take it in hand! yes, yes, I ſee how active you can be when a good rod is well applied; your motions are briſk enough now! You may take my word for it you ſhall feel it often while I remain in this houſe! "Oh,

Charlotte!

Charlotte! Charlotte! my ſweet ſiſter! my lovely Charlotte, I—die—with—tranſ—port!"—— In that moment ſhe threw her arm over his back and whipt him ſmartly, till he gained the ſummit of his felicity.

It may appear ſtrange, but it is a fact, that in one of the three whippings he got in this manner, his wife conceived, and in about nine months after they were bleſt with a lovely boy, and Charlotte, for her aſſiſtance, had an elegant preſent of diamonds at his birth.

The lady ſaid ſhe knew the flagellating lady very intimately, and declared, when dreſt, no woman could look lovelier. She declared to the lady who related the anecdote, from what ſhe had heard on the Continent, ſhe was ſatisfied the ſplendour of the flagellator's dreſs heightens the bliſs in a ſupreme degree; and ſhe altered her dreſs each time as much as ſhe poſſibly could, that he might fancy her a new character, or one that had charmed him in the courſe of his walks that day.

Yours, &c.,

CHARLOTTE.

Briſtol, March 17, 1785.

P.S

P.S.—*I think a good metzotinto print from this anecdote would be very highly prized by the lovers of fine women and birch.—Should any of your readers wiſh to know why a whipping from a female hand ſhould give birth to conception, that learned and pleaſing treatiſe on flogging the loins and reins, by* Dr. Meibomius, *will ſatisfy them.*

For the SECOND PART of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

Bath, March 3, 1785.

Madam,

The firſt part of your work excited my curioſity very much; indeed, ſo ſtrongly was I preſſed to read it, that I ſolicited a female friend who was juſt ſetting out for London to ſend it by the firſt conveyance.

Many of the anecdotes are whimſical to a degree, and I muſt ſay prettily put together. I have read them, and heard them read, in many a private party, and do aſſure you, though many of them do not wear

a

a face of probability, yet the Ladies, one and all, declared them in a great meaſure faithful pictures of whipping paſtime.

I am not, I aſſure you, fond of feeling the rod, even from the hand of a Goddeſs, having had enough of it while under the tuition of a Governeſs as mercileſs as ſhe was ugly. But to the point.

Reading the ſtory of Mrs. E—— this morning to my maid as ſhe was dreſſing me, and expreſſing ſomewhat of ſurpriſe at ſuch a paſſion in women, ſhe aſſured me the following anecdote was in every point authentic :—

A Lady, with whom ſhe lived formerly, was ſo devoted to the pleaſure, that ſhe ſet two days of every week apart for enjoying it. A whipping from the hands of a Lady of equal years ſhe delighted highly in, but to be well whipt by a full grown girl tranſported her. She had a ſiſter equally fond of it, who lived with her, and who, with my maid, were the only perſons in the ſecret.

This

This Lady happened to ſpend a few weeks at Buxton Wells, where ſhe formed an intimacy with a family of diſtinction, conſiſting of a gentleman, his two daughters, and his ſiſter, who took care of the girls, their mother being dead. The eldeſt of theſe girls was the fineſt picture of true beauty ever ſeen, and her vivacity was equal to her beauty. At this period ſhe was fourteen years old, all life and ſpirits, and the ſoul of every company ſhe entered into.

The Lady ſaw and adored; but how to gain the ſummit of her felicity was the queſtion.

Miſs N. was highly delighted with the company of the Lady, who we may ſuppoſe exerted herſelf to the higheſt degree to rivet the affections of her blooming charmer. The maid ſet her wits to work, and as Abigails are fertile at expedients, ſhe ſucceeded.

It was fixed that the young Ladies ſhould be invited, without the aunt, to ſpend a day with the two Ladies. They came, and all was mirth and hilarity; they romped, tickled, and diverted themſelves with a number of innocent pranks, till at length the Lady turned

up

up Miſs's clothes and gave her a few gentle ſlaps, obſerving at the ſame time how happy ſhe ſhould be to be her Governeſs, for the pleaſure of tickling her pretty backſide.

Miſs took it all in jeſt, and laughed over it with great glee; after which the Lady's ſiſter whispered Miſs N——, and they retired for a few minutes. Now this was the very thing the Abigail had concerted. In a little while the Ladies returned to the parlour, Miſs with a rod in her hand, and the Lady's ſiſter recommending her to make a proper uſe of it, and offering her aſſiſtance to hold the Lady.

The inſtant the Lady ſaw them enter, ſhe made an effort to ſeize the rod, but was inſtantly overpowered by her ſiſter and the two Miſſes, who all compelled her to lie on a ſmall table, and ſuffer herſelf to be whipt by her young Mamma. The other young Lady ſeeing her kick, got under the table, and, lying flat on her belly, held the culprit's legs, while ſhe ſeemed to endeavour, by pulling up her petticoats, flapping her little bum, and other efforts, to diſengage her limbs from her; all which, as ſhe wiſhed no doubt, proved

ineffectual,

ineffectual, nor would the Lady's ſiſter, who held her down the whole time, ſuffer the pretty flagellator to leave off till ſhe thought the Lady was tranſported, which did not happen to be the caſe, till her poſteriors wore the ſtripes generally ſeen on thoſe from the hands of a flagellating ſtep-mother, or a ſevere French Governeſs. As ſoon as the Lady got up, ſhe laughed immoderately, and throwing her arms round the neck of her diſciplinarian, kiſſed her with ecſtacy, and told her ſhe would make an admirable Governeſs. Miſs laughed at the obſervation, and told her it was her ſiſter's doings entirely, who called her out and inſiſted on it, obſerving at the ſame time how pleaſed ſhe would be to aſſiſt me, and ſhe was certain you would take it all in good part. So I do, upon my honour, ſaid the Lady, kiſſing her lovely hand, and the only retaliation I require is that you inflict the ſame puniſhment on my ſiſter this minute. The ſiſter made an attempt to get away, but the Lady took care to hold her down, till Miſs exerciſed the rod with bewitching ſeverity. Thus were they both delighted, nor did Miſs know a tittle about the truth of the matter the whole time.

To the PUBLISHER of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

Sir,

Laughing ſome time ago with a party of lively girls of the Cyprian train, over a print repreſenting a number of boarding-ſchool girls going to flagellate the governeſs, one of the ladies related an anecdote as whimſical as any I have yet read or heard, which is much at your ſervice, either to inſert in the ſecond part of the Female Flagellants, or to ſtimulate you to take your pencil in hand and make two good paintings from it.

Belinda (for ſuch is the Lady's name who related the anecdote) was placed out, at a very early age, at a boarding ſchool, a few miles from town, under the tuition of a woman who poſſeſſed the moſt inſinuating addreſs in the female world, which always ſecured her a ſufficient number of pupils—having through it acquired a great name among parents and guardians.

A ſhort while after Belinda had been at ſchool, the Governeſs turned off her aſſiſtant; and, ſeeing an advertiſement

advertiſement in the Morning Poſt from a French tutoreſs, ſhe ſent for her and inſtantly engaged her. This, ſaid Belinda, we all ſet down as a high proof of her taſte, as the lady, who was a native of Picardy, was one of the moſt charming women in the world. Her ſtature was majeſtic, but her air and demeanour was nature itſelf. The peculiar ſplendour of her carriage was ſoftened and ſubdued by the moſt affable condeſcenſion—her charms inſpired univerſal rapture! The ſofteſt roſes that ever youth and modeſty poured out on beauty glowed on the lip of this lovely woman. Her cheeks were the bloom of Hebe, and all that could tranſport human nature adorned her ſwelling boſom. This flight of ecſtacy, ſaid Belinda, ran from one girl to another through the ſchool on her appearance, little ſuſpecting what a flagellating ſpirit lurked beneath this faſcinating exterior.

Madame Whipperanti (a name, ſaid Belinda, we baptized her by a ſhort while after ſhe made her appearance) was not above two days in the ſchool when ſhe addreſſed our governeſs in French, aſking if ſhe ſuffered the uſe of the rod in her ſchool, to which ſhe anſwered yes; becauſe, ſaid the French lady, I have obſerved

obſerved no ſign of any ſuch uſeful implement ſince I entered your ſchool.

I have had no occaſion, ſaid the governeſs, to take it in hand. Pardon me, ſaid the other, you have been repeatedly provoked to it in my own hearing by three or four dunces: but you are too eaſy, madam. I never found any admonition produce ſo powerful an effect as a good birch-rod well handled; and I would forfeit my life, with the aſſiſtance of a good one, I would work ſuch a reformation that you would be eaſed of one-half the burthen attending your preſent ſyſtem of tuition.

This was ſaid, ſaid Belinda, in our hearing, and you may be certain we looked at each other, and at her with aſtoniſhment.

What with this advice in our hearing and enforcing it in private, backed by a niece to the governeſs, who was an aſſiſtant in the ſchool, the lady, who we thought no bad hand before the arrival of Madame Whipper-anti, gave into it at once, and it fell to my lot, ſaid Belinda, to be the ſecond whoſe poſteriors were ſmartly whipped by this woman.

But

But the moſt laughable anecdote throughout this buſineſs is the following:—

This woman, anxious, I can ſafely ſwear, for a general diſplay of backſides, dropped a little French book in a bed-room where about a dozen of the girls ſlept, in which many voluptuous ſcenes were deſcribed, illuſtrated with a number of prints of an inflammatory tendency.

Maria C——, who was the life and ſoul of our ſociety, and who was a compleat miſtreſs of French, tranſlated the whole of the work, and ſet us cock-a-hoop to put in practice many of the ſcenes. One in particular ſtruck our fancy, and ſeemed to give us a higher notion of the good things of this life than any other.

This was a print and glowing paſſage, where an amorous engagement with a mock —— is deſcribed. The belt and the machine were in a ſhort while manufactured by the fertile genius of Maria, and we had, as ſoon as we had taſted the divine ſweets flowing from

from it, above a dozen made in the courſe of a couple of days.

About a week had elapſed after this charming diſcovery, when one morning, which happened to be a holiday, Madame Whipperanti, wiſhing no doubt for a grand entertainment on the bumfiddle, watched our motions ſo very cloſe, that ſhe brought the Governeſs to a peep-hole ſhe made in the next room, who obſerving how we were engaged—for we were all in high ecſtacy, except Maria, whoſe belt gave way, and whoſe companion was faſtening it on—the Governeſs, with her flagellating companion, Miſs Harriet, the niece, and a lady who was a boarder in the family, all burſt into the room, and threw our divine party into the greateſt confuſion. Some ran out of an oppoſite door, who were ſoon overtaken, and we were inſtantly guarded to the ſchoolroom. Nothing but birch and flaying of bums echoed around. The maids were ordered up ſtairs. Such as endeavoured to eſcape were tied down on chairs and ſtools. Some were horſed, who were not eaſily managed, among whom was your humble ſervant, who was mounted on the back of a maid-ſervant as powerful as an Hercules.

Nothing

Nothing was heard around but roaring, crying, the ſound of the rods, and the moſt impaſſioned lectures.

I fancy to this hour, ſaid Belinda, laughing, Madame Whipperanti took an uncommon liking to my poſteriors, for I remember well ſhe kept me up full five minutes, and exerciſed the rod with ſuch ſeverity, uſing very little intermiſſion, that with all her beauties, from her brilliant eyes to her angelic hand and arm, and from that to her matchleſs leg and foot, I could not feel anything of tranſport in it; though I am well perſuaded any of the male creation would have thought it next a journey to heaven to have felt her pull his breeches down, and tuck in his ſhirt above his waiſt with as much deliberation and ſeeming pleaſure as ſhe lifted my petticoats, and the rod exerciſed by her magic hand with the utmoſt vigour.

Indeed, I am convinced to this hour Madame Whipperanti had a violent liking for my bumfiddle, for I remember well while ſhe was untying the inſtrument of pleaſure, which was faſtened round my middle, ſhe complained of the knot, ſlapped my poſteriors with her hand, and run it over both cheeks repeatedly, till ſhe

ſhe had diſengaged the inſtrument. But this was not the only thing that convinced me of her love for my poſterior beauties, for every time I turned my head to implore forgiveneſs during her exerciſing the rod, I could perceive her beautiful eyes ready to bounce out of her head—ſo loſt was ſhe in tranſport.

It was certainly the richeſt feaſt for a backſide voluptuary imaginable, to ſee ſuch a number of bums in one view! I ſhould ſay before the puniſhment, for after it they were ſadly diſcoloured, no poor culprits having ever received a ſeverer flagellation. Madame Whipperanti, I have been informed, lives now with a merchant of immenſe fortune in the city, who no doubt will bequeath her ſomething conſiderable for the felicity he receives from her hands

To the EDITOR of the EXHIBITION of FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

MADAM,

As I find you mean to publiſh a Second Part of the Female Flagellants, I ſend you the following anecdotes which have been lately communicated to me by a friend, and which (when corrected) might perhaps amuſe many of your readers.

Yours,

CLARINDA.

Miſs B—— was the daughter of a merchant, who, having ſuffered many loſſes, was obliged to become a bankrupt. As ſhe was of a very amorous diſpoſition, a moſt charming girl, with pretty blue eyes, always ſwimming in the fluid of amorous dalliance, it is no wonder if ſhe fell a victim to the late Lord ——. Sir H. G., who had ſpent many years in Italy, and had taſted

taſted very often the felicity of a birch-rod from the hands of the Italian Ladies—who, as fame reports, are more expert at giving pleaſure in that way than any women in Europe—meeting her one day at an exhibition, he joined her, and as he knew ſhe was *comeatable*, he propoſed to take her into keeping, which ſhe accepted. He ſaw her home, dined with her, and ſoon after he introduced his favourite ſubject. She immediately underſtood him, but having no rod by her, ſhe ſent her maid for one to a Mantua-maker who lived in the ſame houſe, and who having a number of children and apprentices, was never without a good birch-rod. The maid ſoon returned with a moſt excellent one. After whipping and lecturing him for a conſiderable time, ſhe found to her great ſurpriſe it had not the deſired effect.

He propoſed to her to go to Kenſington, and ordered the coachman to ſtop at a nurſery reputed for ſelling beautiful flowers, and furniſhing the fair votaries to Flora with handſome bouquets. He ſoon preſented her with a moſt elegant one, and ſo exceſſively large, that ſhe could ſcarcely pin it to her boſom. After a few turns in the garden they returned home.

nome. On entering her bed-room ſhe found on the bed a new birch-rod, which the careful maid had provided during her abſence. She took it up, and, aſſuming a ſevere look, ſhe, in the character of an angry mother, whipped him as ſeverely as ſhe could, and ſo well acted her part, that he ſoon gave her proof of his being a very good boy. He owned to her afterwards that the ſweet ſmell of flowers had always an uncommon effect on him; that when he was about ten years old, it was his delight to provoke his ſtep-mother to whip him—ſhe being a beauty of the firſt order, and not then above ſeventeen, exceſſively fond of flowers, and ſeldom without a monſtrous bouquet in her boſom.

That, however, the flowers had not the leaſt effect n him but when made in a noſegay, and placed on one ſide of the boſom of a pretty woman. Miſs B—— knew very well the ſecret influence of flowers in men as well as in women (a knowledge, however, that few women poſſeſs); but as to whipping, ſhe was rather a ſtranger to it. One day he told her it would give him the higheſt felicity to ſee her whip a young girl in ſome elegant dreſs. Miſs B—— ſoon prevailed

on

on the Mantua-maker to ſend her one of her daughters as a little companion—a bold little girl about eleven, as ſhe was to teach her to read and work, by way of amuſement. She ſoon found herſelf obliged to ſmart her bum with the birch-rod. A woman of Miſs B——'s diſpoſition could not but find a new ſource of amuſement in that employment; and, indeed, ſhe exerciſed the rod as often as ſhe could.

However, wiſhing to gratify Sir H. G., ſhe dreſſed one day in the moſt elegant manner, not forgetting to wear on one ſide of her boſom, quite up to her ear, a monſtrous bouquet, or rather a broom, of the moſt odoriferous flowers! When the hour approached that ſhe expected him, ſhe made the girl read to her, ſlapping her hands now and then with a large rod made of new birch: and as ſoon as ſhe heard him coming ſhe retired with the girl to her bed-chamber—proteſting ſhe would whip well the little lazy ſlut; made her go on her knees, kiſs the rod, &c.; then lifting her clothes to her middle, ſhe began to whip her with all the ſeverity of a ſchool-miſtreſs, throwing her in the moſt wanton attitudes; her pretty boſom heaving all the time with tumultuous joy, her eyes

ſparkling

ſparkling with ecſtacy, and her pretty face partly buried in the noſegay! As there was a glaſs door, Sir H. G. could plainly ſee this luxurious ſcene, and was ſo highly pleaſed with it, that he ſettled a pretty annuity on her that very day.

A friend of mine who, a few years ago, reſided at Edinburgh, was acquainted there with a Miſs F——, a profeſſed diſciplinarian, who kept a genteel day-ſchool for young Ladies. As ſhe lived in the ſame houſe, ſhe had been a witneſs to many curious whipping ſcenes. Miſs F—— was then about twenty-five, a tall, handſome girl, carrying the paſſion of whipping to an extreme.

One day as my friend was at breakfaſt with her, a beautiful girl, about fourteen or fifteen, entered the parlour, and delivered into her hands, with a ſeemingly dejected air, a little note. After reading it, ſhe told her to wait a minute, then running out of the parlour, ſhe ſoon returned with a birch-broom. As ſhe left the note on the table, my friend had the curioſity to read it—the contents of which were:—Mrs. S———'s compliments

compliments to Mifs F——, will be for ever thankful to her, if ſhe will take the trouble of giving her daughter a good whipping, having been very diſreſpectful to her this morning. She then ordered the girl to prepare herſelf for a good whipping. After making a ſhocking rod, ſhe turned her petticoats as high as ſhe could, pinned her ſmock to her ſhoulders; then holding her tight under her left arm, ſhe began to whip her ſo ſeverely, that in a minute her beautiful bum was crimſoned as deep as the fineſt roſe. O, Mifs, forgive me, for God's ſake! cried the young girl —I can't bear it! no, no, no, no! I ſhan't, till I have left a ſample of this excellent birch on your pretty bottom! Will you ever diſoblige your mother—will, will, will, will, will you! No, no, indeed, Ma'am, I aſſure you I never will! To ſay I ſhould be obliged to whip a girl almoſt fit to be married; but, indeed, Mr. Birch is the only huſband fit for a bold girl like you! How do you like him?—tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, is he not a ſweet man?

After whipping her for full five minutes, ſeeing her a—e and thighs in weals, ſhe gave over; but to ſhame her

her the more, ſhe ſtuck in her boſom a monſtrous bundle of birch.

About half a-year after, as my friend was walking about the Caſtle, ſhe ſaw two young Ladies elegantly dreſſed—one reſembling ſo much the girl ſhe had ſeen whipt, that ſhe drew near her in order to ſatisfy herſelf, and found it was the ſame. She accoſted her, and found by her converſation ſhe had been lately married. Nothing could equal the elegance of her dreſs: inſtead of a bundle of birch, ſhe wore, as well as her fair companion, an enormous ſide bouquet of natural flowers, with a black hat full of large white feathers. As ſoon as ſhe went home, ſhe told Miſs F—— who ſhe had ſeen; who, far from being ſurpriſed, told her that nothing was more common in Scotland than for girls to marry at that age—that ſhe had whipped ſome a week before they were married; that the young Lady in queſtion had been married to a rich merchant, a widower, with a boy of ten, and a girl of nine years old.

Curious to know how this young Lady behaved to her ſtep-children, my friend contrived to become intimate

intimate with her. One day ſhe was on a viſit at her houſe, the children behaved very undutiful to her, which exaſperated her ſo much, that ſhe rung the bell and ordered her maid to get her a good birch-rod. You know, Ma'am, ſaid ſhe, how Miſs F—— ſerved me not long ago; if you will excuſe me, I will ſerve theſe bold children in the ſame manner. By all means, ſaid my friend; I think they deſerve a good whipping. The maid ſoon brought her an excellent rod. She took hold immediately of the boy, and, pulling his breeches to his heels, ſhe whipped him till ſhe was tired. After reſting a few minutes, ſhe took the girl and ſerved her juſt like the boy.

As my friend was on a very intimate footing with her, ſhe made her confeſs that ſhe was not only exceſſively fond of whipping, but delighted in being herſelf whipt, though not altogether ſo ſeverely as Miſs F—— uſed to whip her ſcholars; that her huſband was as great a votary to birch-diſcipline as herſelf, and ſhe generally whipped him every night before they went to bed. That ſhe had prevailed on a couſin of hers, a girl about her age and of the ſame humour, to come ſometimes to help her to whip her huſband,

huſband, when they would dreſs in the moſt elegant manner, each with a bouquet of a monſtrous ſize in their boſom; that her couſin, who generally was dreſſed like a ſchool girl, would then whip him whilſt he was engaged with her in the amorous combat.

Being one day, before her marriage, at his houſe, and ſeeing his children behaving very rudely, ſhe ſaid in joke, if ſhe was their mother ſhe would whip them well with a good birch-rod; upon which he ſent the children out of the room, and throwing himſelf at her feet, begged ſhe would accept of his hand, and take the care of his children upon her, but above all not to ſpare the rod. On recovering herſelf ſhe told him if her mother would conſent ſhe had no objection: being a great match the mother conſented immediately. She ſaid ſhe liked him very well, for though he had two children he was not thirty, having been married very young. He ſettled his whole fortune on her and her pretty couſin, a brother of his having left a conſiderable fortune to his children.

A doctor of my acquaintance told me he knew a girl about thirteen who was in a conſumption, and almoſt

almoſt given over. On the death of her mother ſhe was ſent to an aunt who lived in the North, where ſhe recovered her health ſo well that in a couple of years ſhe was as ſtrong and healthy as any girl of her age. But what is very extraordinary, he attributed her recovery to the ſrequent whippings ſhe got from her aunt.

This Lady had a numerous family, and was ignorant of the true ſituation of her niece, as the girl had been very much indulged during her mother's life, and that even her bad ſtate of health had been attributed to that extreme indulgence and careſulneſs that prevails ſo much in ſome families; ſhe would ſcarcely do anything ſhe was bid. Her aunt, who was a proud, imperious woman, and uſed to whip her refractory children with the birch-rod with the utmoſt ſeverity, ſoon ſerved Miſs in the ſame manner; would ſend her out to play in the garden with her children in the coldeſt weather, allowing her nothing but coarſe wholeſome food. In ſhort, this girl is now married, has many children, and had ſhe lived a little longer with her mother in all probability would be dead now.

This

This gentleman aſſured me he had recommended very often to ſeveral Ladies to puniſh with birch diſcipline their children when committing faults which appear to proceed from an heavy, bold, and indolent diſpoſition, as nothing promotes the circulation of the blood better than a good rod, eſpecially when made of new birch, and well applied to the poſteriors —free, however, from cruelty.

To the PUBLISHER of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

SIR,

I think the following lines merit a place in your curious repoſitory of anecdotes in the Flagellant world.

Yours,

G. R.

AN

AN ODE.

To Miſs L——y W——n.

A beautiful girl, on finding her in tears, on having received, juſt before from her mother, the ſevere diſcipline of a birch-rod for a ſmall tranſgreſſion, though fourteen years of age.

My charming Lydy, tell me why
That blubber'd face, that wat'ry eye?
Whom whileſome like a lambkin gay
I ſaw ſo wanton, ſkip and play.

Is little beau, thy goldfinch, flown?
Or playſome kitten ſulky grown?
Has frolic ſquirrel broke his chain,
And been ſad author of thy pain?

Has ſaucy Tommy ſnatch'd a kiſs,
Or done ſtill ſomething more amiſs?
Has he through key-hole chanc'd to ſpy
Thy taper leg, or milk-white thigh?

Theſe would not make my fair one grieve,
Nor her of wonted ſmiles bereave:
Far ſharper evils cauſe her gloom,
A *Rod* has been poor Lydy's doom.

In vain at Mamma's feet ſhe knelt,
Not leſs the tingling *Birch* ſhe felt:
How hard, Mamma, muſt be thy heart
To make that lovely *Bum* to ſmart!

Bum,

Bum, fairer far than Hebe's cheek!
Bum, more than Venny's boſom ſleek!
Bum, than Ermine's down more white!
Bum, more than dazzling to the ſight!

Thoſe twinful orbs late ſpotleſs ſhow,
Now with deep tints of crimſon glow!
The bluſhing roſes of her cheek,
Have rivals now not far to ſeek!

Hence, baleful twigs, from hence depart,
Curſt *Birch* that caus'd my Lydy's ſmart;
May'ſt thou prove food for keeneſt fire,
And there, though late, thy ſtings expire!

Haſte, little wanton, to my arms,
Intruſt me with thy op'ning charms;
Let *me* now guard thee ſafe from *rods*,
And we'll be happier than the Gods!

To the EDITOR of the FEMALE FLAGELLANTS.

MADAM,

You ſeem to pay your whole attention to *modern* anecdotes, unmindful of what enraptured our anceſtors. Pray, my dear Madam, did you never hear, or have you never read, that Queen Beſs herſelf was moſt happy

happy in the exercise of the rod, nay, that she gave transcendent felicity when she had a bold boy under correction? Methinks I see you open your eyes and wonder what is to follow; but do not be amazed, I will give you chapter and verse for my assertion.

The celebrated Earl of Essex, in one of the misunderstandings between him and Queen Elizabeth, having given her a more than common cause of offence, and wishing in a particular manner to soothe her resentment, wrote to her in the following terms. He gave the Queen, as we find in *Camden*, explicit thanks for the corrections she had inflicted upon him, and kissed (to use his words as recited by the above author), and *kissed her Majesty's Royal hand, and the rod which had chastised him.*

Now whether this Royal Disciplinarian figured in the character of a step-mother, a governess, or any other character remarked for the exercise of the rod, or whether she did it to please herself, or her noble admirer, matters not; it is certain she gave unbounded felicity when she took the rod in hand, if we credit his Lordship's assertion.

indeed

Indeed Queen Elizabeth is not the only great woman who has given pleaſure with the rod, for we find the following anecdote in the Count of Buffi's *amorous hiſtory of Gauls*, a book which cauſed the diſgrace of its author, on account of the liberties he had taken in it with the character of King Louis the Fourteenth, and his miſtreſs *Madame de la Valiere*. The illuſtrious Count of Guiche, one of the firſt-rate beaus of the court of the King juſt mentioned, having committed a fault with the well-known Counteſs of Olonne, he wrote the next day to the Counteſs in the following words—"If you want me to die, I will bring you my ſword; if you think I only deſerve to be flagellated, I will come to you in my ſhirt."

I am equally aſtoniſhed, Madam, that you have taken no notice of theſe gentlemen who are ſo paſſionately fond of a Lady's poſterior beauties. I have heard of a gentleman who would kneel down, and, with the higheſt tranſport, raviſh kiſſes from the poſteriors of his miſtreſs, and continue in that ecſtacy above an hour.

Of theſe gentlemen who worſhip a Lady's bum with ſuch

ſuch enthuſiaſtic rapture, and who have ſaid and ſung many pretty things about it, perhaps the following deſcription from a pleaſing French tale, entitled Araminta's Bumfiddle, will be found to approach the ſublime nearer than any other on the ſubject.

Deſcription of ARAMINTA's BUMFIDDLE.

By TIMANTE.

I never was ſo taken with anything ſince I was born, Madam, as I was a little while ago with—you know what. Indeed, take it altogether, for beauty and good qualities, I do not believe there is the fellow of it upon the face of the earth: ſo plump! ſo ſmooth! ſo well proportioned!—And then for a complexion, that is to ſay, for a pure red and white! all the roſes and lilies, the ſnow and vermillion that ever were beſtowed upon Ladies' cheeks in ſonnets and romances, from the beginning of the world to the date hereof, are nothing to it! And all this without the expence of pocket glaſſes, powders, paint, or patches; only an innocent waſh now and then, and that is all. It is as true

true the pretty creature is as blind as Cupid, but then it is as ſure to wound: and if it has no eyes, neither does it want any; because it has nothing to do but what may be done in the dark as well as in the light: and then the diſcretion of it is admirable. It is very ſparing of ſpeech; it has the wit never to refuſe a good thing when it is offered, and tells no tales out of ſchool when it has done. It is the common reconciler and rendezvous to both fools and philoſophers; and, in one word, the ſupport, the comfort, and the buſineſs of human nature.

More might be ſaid *pro* and *con* in the caſe; but this ſhall ſuffice. My humble ſervice, I beſeech you, Madam, when you ſee my noble friend next. I know you may do me a good office there if you pleaſe; and I am ſure you will, if you have that kindneſs for me, which I wiſh you may have, eſpecially when you ſhall find that this gaiety of humour has in the bottom of it the higheſt degree of paſſion and reſpect that can enter into the ſoul of

TIMANTE.

Of

Of theſe Ladies who have charmed with the magic exerciſe of the rod one anecdote deſerves particular mention. The Lady who furniſhed the Publiſher with the particulars has his thanks, hoping at the ſame time ſhe will not be offended at ſeeing an abridgment of her letter, which, from the many repetitions in the Lecture, would be too heavy and unentertaining if the whole was printed.

Louiſa Ticklebum (for ſo the Lady ſhall be called), when very young, was placed under the tuition of a Lady who kept a ſmall boarding-ſchool near Hyde-park corner. No woman in the univerſe ever took more pleaſure than this Governeſs in whipping the bums of her little pupils, and no woman ever invented ſuch modes of horſing the culprits. One way in particular ſhe invented, that was in general uſe when ſhe had a full-grown girl under the rod, which was a ſcale ſuſpended from the centre of the room, the cord from which ran through two pullies, and was faſtened in a corner of the room. This cord was looſened by two of the ſtouteſt girls, who let the ſcale down till the culprit was tied on it with a belt, and then raiſed it to that

that height the Governeſs deſired. The Lady would then, if the poſteriors pleaſed her, keep the culprit up five minutes, and very often double the time, lecturing and whipping.

Louiſa has often declared ſhe could never account for her partiality to feeling and exerciſing the rod but through her being often ſeverely whipped by this woman, who, though forty years old, to uſe the language of a celebrated writer, "Poſſeſſed the eaſieſt and moſt elegant delivery, and accompanied her ſpeech with the action of an arm of an exquiſite form, and a hand as white as ſnow, and with a frown on her face which, without leſſening its beauty, gave a true expreſſion of her reſentment." But the beſt picture of ſuch a woman, at leaſt the beſt I have ever ſeen, is that inimitable print of the Counteſs de Barre whipping the Marchioneſs de Rozen, which does diſtinguiſhed honour to the deſigner and engraver; and here give me leave to introduce the anecdote in its genuine colours, for the print, to preſeve beauty, is wide of the ſituation of the Marchioneſs when under the rod.

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The Marchioneſs of Rozen, one of the attendants of the Counteſs of Provence, had for ſome time paid aſſiduous court to Madame de Barre. The latter liked her much; and they became intimate friends The Marchioneſs was young and handſome, and had the air of a child. This obſervation is neceſſary. The Counteſs did not forget to invite her to a ſplendid entertainment. Madame de Rozen went, but ſhortly after broke off all connection with her friend, or, at leaſt, ſhewed a great coolneſs. This was probably owing to the Princeſs, whom ſhe had the honour to ſerve, who had ſeverely reproached her for her attention to a female ſo much the ſubject of public cenſure; and eſpecially for her being noticed by the court as being preſent at her entertainments.

Whatever might have been the cauſe, the Counteſs was not inſenſible to the change. She complained to the King, who made a jeſt of the matter, ſaying, the Marchioneſs was but a child, for whom a rod was the fitteſt puniſhment. Madame de Barre took the King's words in the literal and moſt rigorous ſenſe.

The Marchioneſs called on her one morning, and after

after they had breakfaſted in a friendly manner together, the favourite invited her into her cloſet, as if ſhe had ſomething particular to tell her. That moment four luſty chambermaids ſeized upon the poor criminal, and whipt her ſoundly. The ſufferer, boiling with rage, complained to the Sovereign, who had nothing to reply when the miſtreſs reminded him that ſhe had no more than executed the ſentence of his Majeſty.

He concluded with laughing at the affair; and Madame Rozen, by the advice of the Duke D'Aiguillon, reviſited the Counteſs. After ſome raillery on the flagellated poſteriors, which made known and confirmed the anecdote, the two friends embraced, and agreed to bury all in oblivion.

But to return to Louiſa.—After ſhe left ſchool, ſhe lived with her mother, a widow Lady, not a hundred miles from Chiſwick. She had not been long at home before ſhe had a general invitation to every family of conſequence in the vicinity of that rural ſpot, and being a very fine girl, with a lively flow of converſation, ſhe ſecured a number of admirers.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding all this, it ſo happened that ſhe paſſed her four-and-twentieth year before any man thought ſeriouſly of marrying her. Indeed, the want of fortune was the chief reaſon for this neglect, and ſhe would in all probability have remained longer without a bed-fellow if her exerciſe of the rod had not charmed a gentleman even to idolatry.

A Lady, ſiſter to a merchant of London, ſpent a ſummer near her mother's, and took ſuch a liking to Louiſa, that ſhe made her her boſom friend. Before they had been a month acquainted, they appeared like ſiſters, and nothing was pleaſure with one that the other did not partake of. Louiſa, in a frolic one day, when they were alone in a grotto, made a rod and proceeded to exerciſe it on her new friend, who was eaſily prevailed on to undergo the pleaſing puniſhment, and from that day they ſeldom were alone without taſting this felicity. Indeed, they called in a third hand to partake of this pleaſure, and that was a ſiſter to the writer of theſe lines, who has often declared ſhe took very high delight in this ſingular amuſement.

Louiſa was never ſo happy as when ſhe had her loved friend on her lap, and her legs held by her other confidante, while ſhe made her bold daughter's back-ſide ſmart with the rod

The merchant had often heard his ſiſter mention Louiſa in the higheſt ſtrain of panegyric, and never longed more to accumulate a plumb than he did to ſee her. In a ſhort while he beheld and adored! he raved of her morning, noon, and night! bumpered her whenever he ſacrificed to Bacchus! and ſwore, by the bright Goddeſſes of Charles the Second's court, there never was a lovelier woman born. But what enraptured him moſt was her magic exerciſe of the rod.

The merchant was a widower, though not above five and thirty, and had an only child, a ſon, who was indulged in everything, and who was then about eight years old. Louiſa took a great liking to the boy, and had him at her mother's above a month, when one Sunday, after her return from church, ſhe was informed the boy had wantonly trampled on a bed of flowers ſhe had taken great pleaſure in raiſing. She was in a great paſſion, and ſcolded the child ſeverely, when at the

the moment ſhe beheld his father alight from his phaeton at the gate, who, on entering the parlour, ſeeing her features diſturbed, preſſed to know the cauſe. She told him the whole affair, adding with much warmth, if ſhe had that dominion over the youth ſhe wiſhed for ſhe would make his backſide ſmart with a good rod. O! my dear Madam, ſaid the Gentleman (his eyes bouncing out of his head at the ſound), pray take a rod in hand this moment, and whip him well, for I aſſure you he never got a taſte of birch, though there is not a bolder boy living.

Louiſa being a pretty good judge of phyſiognomy, perceived inſtantly in the countenance of the Gentleman what his feelings were, and inſtantly retired in purſuit of a rod. When ſhe returned the Gentleman took the rod from her hand, while ſhe was employed in unbuttoning the youth's trouſers, which, in the conflict between them, fell off. And now the battle raged on all ſides.—As ſoon as ſhe had placed the youth on her lap, and had taken the rod from the Gentleman, nothing was heard but "whip him well, my dear Madam!" "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! I'll take care to whip him in ſuch a manner that he ſhall long remember!"

member!" "Oh! Pray Miſs Louiſa, my dear Miſs Louiſa, pray forgive me! Pray let me down and I'll never do anything to offend you again: I won't, upon my honour!" Whip him ſoundly, cried the father: I never ſaw a Lady handle a rod ſo well in my life! "Yes, yes, yes, yes! I'll take care his backſide ſhall remember me!" ſaid the Lady, turning her head aſide and giving the father ſuch a bewitching look that penetrated him to the ſoul. "Oh, Papa! Papa! roared the youth, pray ſave me, and indeed I'll never be bold again!" No, Sir, ſaid the Lady, ſuſpending the rod, and ſettling him on her lap, your Papa has delivered you into my hands now, and you'll find I'll teach you better manners! Will you ever trample on my flowers again? O that I were your ſtep-mother! upon my honour your backſide ſhould be well acquainted with a rod before a week's end! Yes, yes, yes, you audacious urchin! "Oh, for God's ſake, Miſs Louiſa, don't whip me any more! I promiſe you I'll be an excellent boy, and do everything you would have me! Indeed, indeed, I'll never diſoblige you again! My Papa will be bound for me, I'm ſure." Your Papa ſays no ſuch thing; he ſays you are an ungovernable boy, and has begged me to whip you well,

well, which I am determined to do before you get from under my hands! Oh, Papa, Papa, Papa! indeed I'll never do it again, upon my honour I will not, only intercede for me this once, and I'll love you while I live! "No, Sir," ſaid the father; "the Lady knows when to have done; you have got into the hands you ſhould have been in long ago, if I had been fortunate enough to have met with her, and I aſſure you ſhe ſhall have the ſole care of you in a few days! Whip him well, my dear, good Lady, he wanted ſuch a woman to curb him!" Yes, yes, yes, yes! I'll curb him, I am reſolved. Here ſhe let him ſlip off her lap, pretending ſhe could not hold him, and, after chaſing him about the room, ſhe laid hands on him and begged the father would horſe him, which he inſtantly did. Stoop down, my dear Sir, ſaid the Lady, you are too tall, and bear him above my reach. He inſtantly bent himſelf low, and Louiſa, who, as has been ſaid before, was an excellent phyſiognomiſt, now put her judgment to the trial; in ſhort, ſhe had often heard of men fond of birch from the beautiful hand of a Lady, and ſhe wiſhed to put her judgment to trial and ſee whether he was one of the ſort. While ſhe was ſettling the boy on the back of his father, ſhe took care to remove

the

the ſkirts of his father's coat in ſuch a manner that when he ſtooped ſhe had his bum in a proper direction, if it was uncaſed, for the rod. She had hitherto whipt the boy very gently, but now ſhe gave him three or four ſtrokes of the rod that made him caper and plunge with all his might. This was what ſhe wanted, for it gave her an opportunity of letting fall ſome ſtrokes on the father's bum, which appeared to fall accidentally in the contention. When the gentleman received a few of theſe, and beheld the lovely object that let them fall, his blood boiled within him from head to foot, and by the time he had received about a dozen ſtrokes he could hold out no longer, ſo holding the boy with one hand, he unbottoned his nankeen breeches with the other, which being pretty large ſoon fell to his heels. The oddity of the circumſtance made Louiſa ſmile, but ſhe was determined to be ſerious, and therefore took no notice, but tucked in his ſhirt under his waiſtcoat, and made her lecture ſerve both. The ſtrokes that fell on the boy were light to what fell on the father, for her accidental ſtripes were of the heavieſt kind, as ſhe thought by that means to rivet his affections.

It would be my greateſt pleaſure, cried ſhe, to be ſtep-mother to ſuch a miſchievous urchin, I would take the rod in hand every hour of the day! Miſs Louiſa, Miſs Louiſa, Miſs Louiſa! my dear Miſs Louiſa, pray let me down! indeed, upon my houour,—O dear, O dear, O dear—for God's ſake pardon me!—You may kick and plunge and roar as long as you like, but I am determined to leave ſomething on your backſide to remember me! Yes, you great bold boy (here three or four heavy ſtrokes fell on the father's bum), who, feeling he had enough, cried out to the Lady, I think, Madam, he has had enough. Well, ſaid the Lady, I will lay aſide the rod, but as a farther puniſhment he ſhall be blindfolded inſtantly, with his hands tied behind him, and ſhall ſtand behind the ſcreen half-an-hour.

This the father was highly tickled at, as it gave him an opportunity of buttoning his breeches unſeen by the boy, who was hood-winked by the Lady before the father let him down. The Gentleman was ſo delighted with the frolic altogether, that in leſs than a fortnight he married the Lady, and ſettled a jointure of ſix hundred a year on her.

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The youth, who is now upon the verge of manhood, has declared to a demirep of diſtinguiſhed beauty, that from being habituated to the rod from the hand of ſo lovely a woman, he connects, like Rouſſeau, this pleaſure with that in general eſtimation. He has farther declared the ſight of Louiſa in full dreſs, though now paſt forty, ſets his blood boiling with ſenſuality in an inſtant, as there is a certain air majeſty about her few women poſſeſs.

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